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### WHAT WE CAN DO.

AS THE public draws a long breath of reassurance and hope that the would-be assassin's bullet has failed seriously to harm the full and vigorous life at which it was aimed, the old problem presents itself anew: How can we protect our men in public life from the dangerous obsessions of weak, overwrought minds?

More and more we are forced to the hard conclusion that there is no sure way. The bodyguards, the rigors of secret police, that surround foreign potentates are repellent to our national instincts and distasteful to our public men. We are proud that in this country of freedom and tolerance a man may go among his fellows and speak his mind on the highest matters of policy and statecraft without suffering greater violence than honest blows of mind upon mind and opinion against opinion.

Yet, among a hundred million people, there is always the danger of the unbalanced mind in which the reiteration of an idea, the dining of a phrase, the chance of a dream may stir up an insanity as dangerous in its effects as the violent frenzy of the lover mad with jealousy or the raving lunatic who sees every man about to murder him. A diseased brain distorts even the highest principles and sanctions to dire ends. How many assassins have claimed that the Bible directed them!

Nor does it seem to matter whether governments and beliefs be free or tyrannical. A Ravallac strikes down a Henry IV., a Brutus stabs a Caesar, Charlotte Corday kills a Marat, an anarchist hurls a bomb at a Czar—and we blame the government, the system, the principle of oppression involved. Yet, plainly, under our own enlightened institutions may develop a mania impelling an assassin to a deed that strikes a vicious blow at the very institutions he imagines himself to be defending. An inflamed and diseased mind is pushed to the same wild extreme by jealous devotion to a free and liberal government as by the memory of centuries of tyranny and injustice.

The assassin, irresponsible or responsible, is one of the most elusive dangers a nation must face. Punish swift and surely; surround our men in public life with such police protection as our national instincts and their own permit; above all, discourage and suppress by vigorous means all stirring and suggestion of lawlessness and incendiarism in our public discussions. These things we can do.

Albany dedicates to-morrow the new \$5,000,000 State Education Building. This great dispensary of enlightenment stands just alongside the Capitol. Not a bit too close, either.

### SETTING A NEW PACE.

THE people of this State cannot be too grateful to Justice Goff for the new standard of court procedure which he has introduced in the Becker trial.

The Evening World yesterday described in detail the various ways in which this keen-eyed, alert, old Master of the Bench has succeeded in infusing new speed, seriousness and dignity into the conduct of a big criminal case. With summary firmness and finality he has cut out unnecessary questionings and parleyings, compressed the selection of a jury into one of the shortest periods ever known in a murder case hereabouts, compelled lawyers to be courteous to witnesses and respectful to the Court, nipped in the bud all schemes to secure adjournments and holidays and refused to listen to footless arguments against his rulings.

The defense has already entered a formidable list of exceptions which may or may not prove grounds for new trials. Whatever the outcome, the public is watching with interest and warm approval Justice Goff's demonstration that a big criminal trial in New York State need not of necessity be either run to fit the convenience and private ends of the lawyers concerned or turned into a wearisome and disgraceful spectacle of deliberate dodging and delay.

OCTOBER 16, 1793.

Maria Antoinette, Queen of Louis XVI., was guillotined in a public square in Paris by the citizens of the First French Republic.

### Letters from the People

#### A Veteran's Memories.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
You call on us veterans to testify in regard to a dispute concerning uniform worn in the army at the time of the civil war. I served as a private three years in the war. And I know the Fourteenth Brooklyn in my brigade wore a French zouave uniform as did the Anderson Zouaves (Sixty-second) and the Durysons, both New York regiments, and the De Epanzels Zouaves. This last regiment was disbanded at an early period of the war. I never saw a zouave in the Highland dress worn by any soldier during the civil war. However, there was a regiment—the Seventy-first or the Seventy-ninth New York (I forget which), commanded by Col. Cameron, and many men in the regiment were Scotchmen, but not all. About six months ago I read about some dispute between the Government and the Seventy-first or the Seventy-ninth Regiment about the time the regiment went to the front (I think in the year '61). A company or more did, it was claimed, wear the Scotch Highland dress and the Government would not allow the dress to be worn. I am not certain but I think the Government was out. The uniform worn by the troops, on the whole, in the army were light blue trousers, dark blue jackets, dark blue fatigue cap and in summer dark blue blouse; in winter overcoats dark color as the trousers; all very heavy cloth except the blouse.

JOHN P. BYRNES,  
Co. H, Ninety-ninth N. Y. Infantry,  
Army of the Potomac.

How Much Gasoline?  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Would some expert tell me the consumption of gasoline of a four horse-

power and also a seven horse-power motorcycle, say at a speed of fifteen miles per hour? This may interest others.

Monday.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On what day did Sept. 13, 1859, fall?

Monday.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
It is a matter of genuine gratification to your readers that you have taken such a positive stand on the necessity of reforming the methods of operating taxicabs in this city, and any one who is called upon to employ a taxicab will earnestly second your efforts to end the present system of extortion.

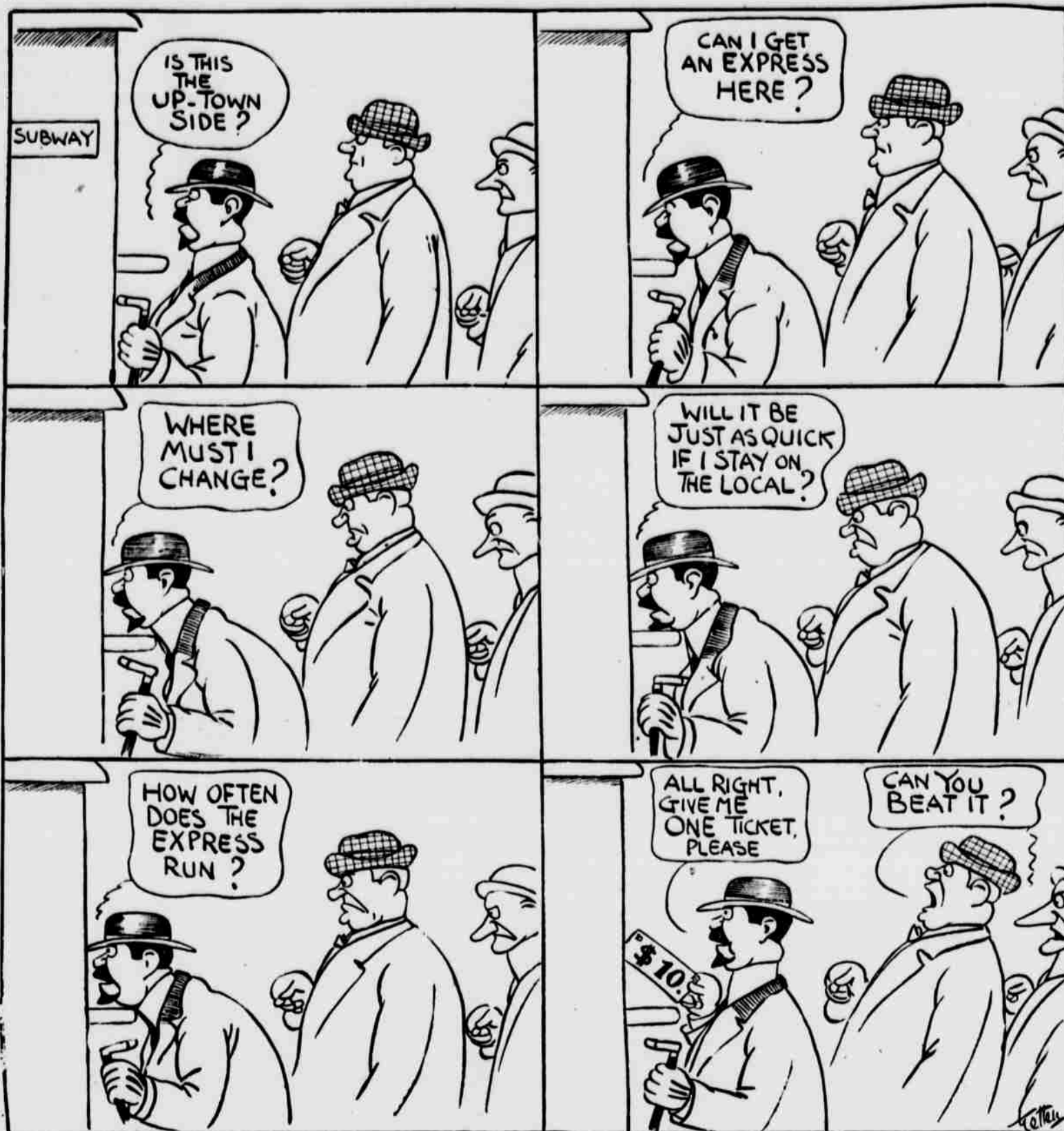
Safeguarding Taxi Riders.  
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There is one matter, however, on which you have not touched. That is the necessity of imposing personal responsibility on the chauffeurs of taxicabs so that they will not be able to avoid the consequences of their own recklessness. It is scarcely fair to have the result of the chauffeurs' disregard of law visited upon the owners alone. How many Rosenbach cases will be required to convince the public that the possession of the automobile by a dangerous criminal is a menace to the community? Would it not be practicable to require from a man who applies for a license to run an automobile such data regarding his previous history as would enable the official issuing the license to determine whether he was a fit and proper person to have one granted? A bond might also be asked, so that in case of injury to person or property the chauffeur could be held liable if he had no property and was therefore immune from punishment.

## Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family



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"Now, cheer up, old girl!" said Mr. Jarr, consolingly. "Gertrude will take good care of the children. And there's no danger of her joining the navy or the children doing so either. Despite the cry of 'Votes for Women' and 'The Welfare of the Child Comes First of All,' children and women are only admitted to the United States Navy as sightseers and visitors."

"But soldiers have wives who live in the fort. And for all you know, sailors may have wives downstairs in those big ships," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Perhaps Gertrude has been secretly married to a sailor for a long time and it is only just now they have gotten their little flat furnished—say, in the boat's basement."

"No," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't think you quite grasp the service regulations. Jack may have a wife in every port, but that's only because he's allowed none aboard ship. Complete and perfect as our great battleships are, there are no light housekeeping apartments for sailors' brides."

"No kitchenettes are connected with the married sailors' forecabin. Even the officers haven't four rooms and bath aboard for their wives and little ones. Women are only permitted aboard warships on gala occasions, during which they denude the officers and middies of their uniform buttons and conceal and

His Position.



"He's a true hero of the gridiron."  
"What position does he play?"  
"Meat cook at our hotel."

## The Jarr Children Return from a Deep Sea Voyage Lasting an Hour.

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give me back that dress and the pair of gloves I bought for her," said Mrs. Jarr. "And if she ever does a thing like that again she'll get no present from me at Christmas, and I'm going to tell her just what I think, and if she says a word back!"

What Mrs. Jarr would have done she didn't get a chance to tell, for Master Jarr came running into the room swinging his hat and shouting:

"Is supper ready? I climbed all over the warships and I'm hungry!"

Gertrude followed him in with the little girl, who was waving a naval pennant and eating popcorn.

"My cousin was here, num!" explained Gertrude. "He is the electric light man on the ship, and all the Generals ask his advice, and the children cried so to

see the ships I thought—"

"Why, it was very sweet of you," said Mrs. Jarr in her most amiable manner. "I hope the children have thanked you for being so nice to them."

"And, maw, I saw all over the ships!" cried the boy. "Sailors can go barefoot on the front yard of the ship and in the backyard of the ship, too. Can I be a sailor, maw?"

"If you are diligent at your studies you might go to the Naval Academy and roll peanuts with toothpicks," replied his mother gravely.

"That is a branch of navigation and gunnery studies I never heard of before!" remarked Mr. Jarr. "Rolling peanuts with toothpicks?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Jarr. "Amy Dilger's Aunt Pauline, in Raleigh, North Carolina, had a stepson who was appointed to the Naval Academy in Annapolis, and he taught a lot of scholars there how to roll peanuts with toothpicks and he didn't have to go to sea at all."

"He was given a long vacation and he now has the largest boat and shoe shop in Wilmington, North Carolina, where Amy Dilger visited him, for he is married now and has three of the cutest little tots, and his wife is of an old Southern family and is in New Thought, and you get a quart of shrimp in Wilmington from colored people for five cents and they are just delicious, so I suppose he was sent there to open the boot and shoe store for sailors because Wilmington is a seaport town, and during the civil war, so Amy Dilger said her Aunt Pauline's stepson told her, the streets used to be full of gentlemen called blockade runners, who spent money like water, and he's thinking of investing some of her money in a pecan orchard, for in ten years you make a fortune."

Mr. Jarr held his hand to his head till Mrs. Jarr finished. Then he smiled wanly and asked the little boy what he liked best about the warship.

"The moving pictures," answered the boy. "They have moving pictures and an electric piano, and the sailors danced the turkey trot, and we were in the kitchen full of big brass pans, and the sailors have no furniture and I saw one running a sewing machine that had no legs on it."

"And do YOU want to be a sailor, too?" asked Mr. Jarr of the little girl.

"No, papa, but can't I go to a mermaid school and be taught to be a mermaid?" was the reply.

"Ho! I'd shoot you if I saw you!" cried Master Jarr.

And only threats of condign punishment by Mr. Jarr restored peace between the young marines.

### OTHER WAY ABOUT.

"I suppose I've known 10,000 mothers in my time."

"Well?"

"But I never knew but one mother who had the courage to go to the matinee while her daughter did the housework!"—Chicago Journal.

## THE STORY OF THE STATES

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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**No. 8—FLORIDA.**  
Motto: "In God We Trust."

SPANIARD heard or read or dreamed that somewhere there was the fountain whose waters were the waters of eternal youth, and that a man who bathed or drank there would emerge gloriously young.

He was getting along in years, this Spaniard—Juan Ponce de Leon—and in 1512 he set out in search of the Fountain of Youth. The quest brought him to a peninsula which he mistook for a big island. He landed there on Easter Day ("Pascua Florida" in Spanish) and found masses of flowers growing everywhere. From the day and from the flowers he named the place "Florida," which in Spanish means "flowery." Ponce de Leon found "The Island of Florida" and there he found death—not the magic fountain.

For years thereafter there was no permanent colony there. None till St. Augustine was settled in 1565. Spaniards made the region a pathway in their crazy treasure hunts and they scoured it for Indian slaves. A colony of French Huguenots came thither for refuge and built a village. A Spaniard leader burned the village and named the Huguenots; explaining he hanged them "Not as Frenchmen but as Lutherans." Whereat another Frenchman avenged his compatriots by falling upon this Spanish force and hanging all of them that did not fall by the sword. In grim irony he explained that he killed them "Not as Spanish but as assassins."

For the next century Florida was a storm centre of fights among French, Spanish and English settlers and local Indians. Spain did little to improve the place. Then, in 1763, Florida was ceded by Spain to England in exchange for Cuba. And 25,000 white settlers hurried thither. But twenty years later it was ceded back to Spain and most of its English settlers promptly departed.

The United States took over Western Florida before and during the war of 1812. But Eastern Florida had meantime become a scourge to its neighbors. From it issued hostile bands of Indians that preyed upon nearby States. Into its forests fled runaway negro slaves. Spain nominally ruled the district, but anarchy ran riot.

Andrew Jackson put an end to the nuisance. He invaded Eastern Florida in 1818 (without any legal right to do so) and fearfully punished the lawless element. The next year the whole region was ceded to the United States. In 1822 Florida became a territory (East and West Florida hating each other and vainly begging Congress to separate them), and in 1845 it was admitted as a State (the southernmost in all the Union), being paired with Iowa, which was "free soil," while Florida was a slave State.

Meanwhile, from 1835 to 1842, the Seminole war raged there, devastating whole districts and causing untold suffering. The war ended with the deporting of the fierce Seminoles to Indian Territory.

Florida seceded from the Union on Jan. 10, 1862. Nearly all the Government posts were seized by the secessionists. The State was recaptured by a Union army only to be abandoned again in 1863 when there was pressing need elsewhere of all available Federal troops. And Florida thenceforth remained under Confederate rule until the end of the civil war.

Weathering the dark "reconstruction period" Florida became more and more famous for its winter health resorts and for its rich possibilities in fruit raising. Northern capital poured into its depleted cottages and a new prosperity rose out of chaos.

A Grim Jest.

Out of Chaos.

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### The Day's Good Stories

**Barberous Tale.**  
JOHN DREW has always been noted for his clever retorts, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. His latest, which is credited with having occurred in a Broadway barber shop, somewhat dumfounded the tonorial artist.

Mr. Drew has very fine and silky brown hair. It looks a little thin when it is uncombed, but properly arranged it shows itself to be very thick and comely.

As the barber laid his moist, cool palm on the barber's head he said:

"You are somewhat bald, sir. Have you tried our special tonic?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Drew. "But that wasn't what made my hair fall out."

**Was No Claimant.**  
DESPITE the view that juries are extra-gent and do not save their money, Ada Lewis is a frequent actress and she has been put her money away for years. She is the owner of an apartment building in New Rochelle. When she went down there to make arrangements for building the apartment she was waited upon by members of the Chamber of Commerce, who congratulated her upon her enterprise.

"Will does be allowed in the building?" was asked.

"No."

"No children be barred?"

"No, indeed," was the quick reply, "and I will give you one better. I will give a month's rent free to the parents of every baby born in the apartment."

**One of the Stipulations.**  
ONE of the fictionless telephone tales as that he engaged a German cook lady not long ago. His wife liked the appearance of the applicant, his references were good and the wages she demanded not exorbitant.

"I'd like to have you come," said the lady of the house, "but perhaps you won't want to live with us. We are vegetarians and never have any meat in the house. Would you be satisfied with a vegetable diet?"

The fraudster scratched her head.

"Well," she said dubiously, "has been a vegetable diet?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 7616—Semi-Princess Gown, 34 to 46 bust 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inch bust measure.

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